

A PR

A PROTEST AGAINST THE WAR.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT

BYFIELD,

FAST DAY, JULY 23, 1812.

By E. PARISH, D. D.

" My sentence is for open war : of wiles
" More unexpert I boast not—shall
" Millions, who stand in arms, and long wait
" The signal to *ascend*, sit lingering here,
" Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place,
" Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame."
MOLoch.

NEWBURYPORT :

FROM THE PRESS OF E. W. ALLEN.

1812.

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DISCOURSE.

ISAIAH 21, 11.

HE CALLETH TO ME OUT OF SEIR. WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

A RANGE of mountains on the south border of Judea in Arabia was called *Seir*. One of the Arabs in these mountains, is represented in the vision of the Prophet, as awakened to enquire of him; "Watchman, what of the night?" What are the tidings? You stand on the watch tower, to descry danger; you are always awake; what do you discover? What is the voice of prophecy? What time of the night is it? When will it be morning? What is the aspect of the times? What is to be done?

To such enquiries the prophet points out the duty of his hearer, and the signs of the times. Like him, as far as I am able, I would consider the signs and duties of our times; but alas, my replies will be as much inferior to those of the inspired prophet, as my hearers are superior to an assembly of Arabians. Yet with perfect reliance on your candor I proceed to observe,

I. The woes of Zion's long night of affliction are coming to a final close.

That the church of Jesus Christ is in a depressed, afflicted state, has long been felt by her

friends, has long been matter of exultation with her enemies. Once christianity adorned the crowns and sceptres of the world; once kings and emperors were happy to bear the cross of Jesus, to be the powerful advocates of the Redeemer's cause. But long, long has this ceased to be descriptive of the church. Long has she been deserted by her powerful friends, her royal benefactors; she has long been "in the wilderness," either persecuted or forsaken. This state of adversity and exile, to be endured by the church, is in scripture described by various figures and emblems. Rev. 12. 6. "And the woman," the true church, "fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there, a thousand, two hundred, and three score days," or twelve hundred and sixty days. One rule of prophetic writing is, to put a day for a year, which is so generally admitted as to require no proof.

Here then we learn the exact period, during which the church shall be afflicted, twelve hundred and sixty years. Other passages confirm this. Rev. 11. 2, 3. "But the court, which is without the temple leave out, and measure it not, for it is given to the gentiles, and the holy city, i. e. the church shall they tread under foot forty and two months." Reckoning thirty days to a month, as was then the custom, forty-two months are precisely twelve hundred and sixty days, or years; during this period the church is "to be trodden under foot," as it now is. The next verse more plainly confirms this. "And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophecy a thousand two hundred and three score days, *clothed in sackcloth.*" Agreeably to this, we learn that the triumph of scoffers and persecutors will continue just twelve hundred and sixty years. Rev. 13, 5.

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"And there was given to it" (the beast) "a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies, and power was given unto it to make war* forty and two months." Thus twelve-hundred and sixty years is the period, during which blasphemers shall prevail, and the church be afflicted. The same fact we learn from the old Testament. In Daniel a dreadful power represented by "a little horn," which, like the "beast" in Revelation, "spoke great words against the most High, and changed times and laws, and into whose hands the saints were given," is to continue "a time and times and the dividing of time," that is, a year, two years, and half a year, precisely, forty-two months, or twelve hundred and sixty years. Having repeatedly discussed the subject, I shall spend no time in proving that the papal church is this persecuting, blasphemous power. The question remaining is, *when* did that church become so wicked, as to be no longer a *true* church and therefore, represented by a beast or the horn of a beast. Could we ascertain this, we should know when the Church would throw off her sackcloth, and come up from the wilderness. This point has been investigated according to its great importance. But the nature of the case shows that the exact time cannot be demonstrated, till the period specified is fulfilled. We need not, therefore, be surprized, that different writers have adopted various opinions. Some have gone back for the apostacy of the Romish church to A D 257, the time of Stephen, an arrogant and haughty Romish pontiff. Others, for various reasons, which we have not time to discuss, fix their eye on A D 606, when Phocas, the emperor, conferred on the bishop of Rome, the insolent title of universal Bish-

* Dr. Doddridge.

op, and virtually delivered the whole christian world into his hands to be persecuted and humbled. Others think the apostacy commenced, and the true church was driven into the wilderness A D 755 or 6 when Pepin king of France constituted the Pope the prince of a considerable country. If we prefer the first period, and add two hundred and fifty seven to twelve hundred and sixty, it brings us down to 1517, the very year in which M. Luther appeared to dispel the darkness of papal night, which some, perhaps, would consider the dawn of the millennial day. If we fix on six hundred and six, which to most divines seems to be the true time, it brings us down to 1866, which is fifty four years from the present time. This, certainly, is a short period compared with twelve hundred and sixty years. Let the church then be calm and quiet, tho' the moon be turned to blood, and the stars fall from heaven, her time of suffering is rapidly coming to a final close.

II. Does any one, like the man of the mountains, repeat the enquiry, "Watchman, Watchman, what of the night," I again reply, It is the reign of *Anti-christ*, the short triumph of that tremendous king mentioned in Daniel, who does according to his *Will*.

The world has never seen such a Power before ; the book of God has described no other like him ; we cannot mistake him ; he has no fellow.

Tho' the papal power was in some sort to be the agent, or *instrument* of Zion's woes, during the whole period of twelve hundred and sixty years, yet toward the close of this time, another Power or "beast" was to rise up and destroy this papal beast. Hence we see, they must for a certain period exist together. The ten horns, or kingdoms of the beast, or Anti-christian Power, are said "to

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hate the mother of harlots, or the papacy, and to make her desolate, and naked, and to eat her flesh, and to burn her with fire." Has not this of late years been astonishingly verified in the miseries, which the Anti-christian armies have inflicted, particularly on the papists of Europe? Again St. John saw the Romish Church in the form of "a woman, arrayed in purple and scarlet, decked with gold, precious stones, and pearls, riding" to destruction "upon a scarlet colored beast, a cruel monster, covered with blood, and full of names of blasphemy." Just so have the last pontiffs of Rome been seen by us all, leaning, or "riding," depending upon the tyrant of Europe, flattering him, calling him their *Dear Son*, and anointing him emperor, till they are themselves crushed under his feet. Whether there now be a Pope is uncertain. If he exist, he has ceased "to speak as a dragon," and is what St. John foretold, that he would be in his fallen state, "a false prophet." Daniel described the character of this Power, which should thus destroy the papacy, more than twenty three centuries before he arose. "And the king shall do according to his will, and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every God, and shall speak marvelous things against the God of Gods. Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, *nor regard any God*; for he shall magnify himself above all." We know that the Messiah was the desire of women. Each hoped to be the mother of that illustrious Son, who should rule the nations. This Power does not regard the Messiah; he denies him and the Father. He is an atheist, and the scourge of christians. According to other scriptures, "all the world *are* wondering after this beast." The prophet says, "All who

dwel upon the earth do worship him," that is, manifest a respectful homage, bordering upon idolatry ; all do, " whose names are not written in the book of life." Has he not power given him, comparatively, over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations ? Who is like the beast ? Who is able to make war with him, exclaim his abject worshippers.

No historian can now, in so few words, more exactly describe, the royal vassals of this tyrant, than did St. John eighteen hundred years ago. Rev. 17. 12. " And the ten horns, which thou sawest, are *ten kings*, who have not by any means received a kingdom, but receive power, *as kings*, one hour with the beast." That is, half a score of tributary kings, who have by no means received a real, permanent power ; yet for a few months, they wear crowns, and are called kings, and treated *as kings*. So the kings of Etruria, of Westphalia, of Naples, of Holland, have been *as kings* one hour, and then passed away. These ten kings, saith the Prophet, have one mind, and have unanimously given their power, and strength unto the beast. So madly disposed have been the Kings of Prussia, of Spain, of Wirtemberg, of Saxony, and others. So triumphant is the present sway of Anti-christ.

III. Do any repeat the enquiry of the text, ' Watchman, what are the tidings,' I answer, that after more than half a centry of war and devastation among the nations, the last enterprize of this terrible power is called by way of distinction the battle, the battle of the great day of God Almighty, preparations are making for this closing scene, the final catastrophe.

The grand object of this Anti-christian confederacy is conquest and war, " war with the Lamb ;"

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war, war, perpetual war, is their object ; and the Lamb shall finally overcome them, for he is the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, and they who are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful. All these congregated kings, with their emperor, are enemies of christianity. Infidel kings and presidents have agreed to give their authority to the Anti-christian beast. They will prosper, till the indignation be overpast, till the saints are purified, and the wicked are ripe for ruin. The state of society on the continent of Europe, and wherever the influence of Anti-christ prevails, seems nearly as corrupt as possible. Those Rulers, who hold their power only, "as kings" seem nearly ripe for the most desperate expedition, for the most nefarious warfare. Look at that State in this country, where the papal religion *has* predominated, where now a lawless banditti are carrying terror thro' their fairest city. "Babylon the great is fallen, *is* fallen, and *is* become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." That is, the nations lately under the sceptre of the Roman pontiff, have lost their head, a new order of things has commenced. Those people have broken away from the partial restraints of superstition ; they are given up to the more unbridled rage of atheism, the triumph of blacker crimes, and the reign of hell. Those kingdoms are virtually the habitation of devils ; the disgorgings of the infernal world, the pandemonium of every species of licentiousness and abomination. The Jewish Sanhedrim is revived ; the Jews are noticed ; their country is brought into notice. "The unclean spirits, like frogs, are gone forth to gather the tributary governments to the battle." We have seen their recruiting officers ; we have seen their flags ; we have heard their martial music ; we have

seen that—not one man among us would enlist. The time is expiring for the holy city to be trodden down of the gentiles. The head of the Anti-christian power, who ever he may then be, with his vassal kings, will then invade Palestine, and occupy the glorious holy mountain; there shall he perish between the two seas, near the town of Megiddo. There will be such an army, and such a battle, as were never known before. The Lord shall utter his voice before his army, for his camp is very great. Then to his own people, he will say, “I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied.” The fowls of heaven are filled with the flesh of his enemies.

IV. Do I hear the voice, “Whatchman, what of the night,” I reply, At this time the people of this country are considering and deciding on the part, they will take in the great battle, which we have mentioned.

Never was a crisis more serious in human affairs; never was a day so momentous to the happiness of individuals or the nation. The proclamation is published; the country, the world are in motion. Families are dividing and marshalling themselves on opposite sides. All former parties and divisions, compared with the present, were merely the play and sport of children. The contest is no longer between rival candidates for fame, but immediately between Christ and Anti-christ, between Almighty God, and that atheistic Power, who exalts himself above all that is called God; for “all who dwell upon the earth shall worship” this power of atheism, “whose names are not written in the book of life.” Rev. 13, “The wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, and all the world wondered after the beast, and all who dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not

written in the book of life." Not with a devout worship do they honor him ; but with that slavish obsequiousness, so universally, manifested by his admirers.

In this place I am compelled to pause, and congratulate all good men on the happy appearance of the public mind in this part of the country. As far as I know, scarcely a man appears on the side of Anti-christ, perhaps one or two in a town, that is, one or two among two or three thousand people. If the present silence of the minority around us shall prove to be the influence of new light and uprightness, if they suffer the friends of peace to save the country from the fangs of "the scarlet colored beast," and make no opposition, I will retract some descriptions of them rather unfavorable, and implore their forgiveness.

But to return ; the obsequiousness of this country to the despot of Europe needs no proof or illustration from me. Is it credible, that the leaders of this war would bring general distress and ruin on the country, and expose themselves to scorn, and detestation for nothing ? Men never hazard such evils, but for a supposed adequate return. Where in the universe can you discover the motive of such a distracted impulse but in their hearty union with the French Emperor ? This then is inevitably *his* war. This has been so often proved as to need no confirmation. I might as well prove that the sun shines. If we engage in this war, then we take side with the despot ; we enlist under his fatal banner ; we make a common cause with him, and must share in his approaching destruction. Can I say any thing more to deter every considerate man, from embarking in this terrible conflict ?

Other arguments, as weighty as the world, which admit neither cavil nor reply from infidelity herself,

press themselves on our attention. You love your families ; your domestic supplies and comforts are dear to you, as the blood, which rolls thro' your hearts. It fills your minds with rich delight to supply their wants, to swell the tide of their pleasures. But you do *know*, that this war will arrest the prosperity of the country, and the prosperity of your *families*. This war stabs your commerce in the vitals ; that commerce, which has enabled you to enlarge your possessions, and to improve your affairs ; that commerce, which has diffused gladness and activity over the land. You cannot so far stifle the convictions of your understandings ; you cannot so far degrade and debase your minds, as to believe that your commerce can flourish in a war with England, while her thousand armed ships carry thunder over the ocean. Will you attempt to calculate the distress, the poverty, the ruin, which will follow the ruin of your commerce ? To those, who love their families, to those, who regard themselves, need I say any more ? If you proceed to war, then a farewell, a long farewell to prosperity, and domestic comfort. By the little, *the very little*, comparatively, which you have endured by embargo, and non-intercourse laws, you have had scarcely a sip of the deadly cup, which you must drink to the very dregs. In these partial, temporary calamities, your Rulers intended only in a gentle manner to feel your pulse ; now they intend to lop off your limbs. If you commence the War, you understandingly abandon your independence and your freedom. If you commence the war, this tyrannical, cruel, miserable state of things becomes fixed and permanent, as the miseries of Holland, and Prussia, and Germany. Then no more petitions, no more assemblages of the people to manifest their patriotism. Already, is it high

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time, that petitions and remonstrances should be laid aside. You have thrown away enough by sending them to the Potomac, to form carpets for her palaces. Go and petition the grave to close her gates, and admit no more of your dear friends. Go and implore grim Death to cast away his quiver and his fatal arrows ; if you succeed in moving the dull, cold ear of Death, then, and not till then, renew your petitions to your Rulers, ply them with new prayers and supplications.

By abject submission, by passive obedience in the ranks of war ; by extinguishing your reason, your conscience, and your spirit, you may readily avoid all political debate and strife. The dead calm of a military despotism soon diffuses silence, solitude, and darkness over the land, interrupted only by the exultation of masters, and the despairing agonies of their slaves. The oyster slumbers in her soft couch, undisturbed by the billows of the ocean, which burst over her house of pearl, unafrighted by the thunders of heaven, which tear the world in pieces around her. So must you become, my beloved countrymen, engaging in this nefarious warfare, to shield yourselves against the intolerable vexations, the maddening disappointments, and desperate losses, which you have begun to endure for several years past.

But, if I understand the character of New-England, this passive endurance of needless, useless, wanton mischief is not compatible with your views, your temper, your invincible determinations. You must change the radical traits of your character, you must cease to be New-England men, before you can exhibit this tame, African, slavish deportment. The effect will not be trivial ; for the authors of this war have a character, as fixed as your own ; or if they for a moment should seem to recede from their

purposes, it will be only to resume them with greater advantage, and a thousand fold energy. You have experienced their daring obstinacy, and have been humbled under its force. Those who have proclaimed this war, will sacrifice their own existence, before they will give up their claim to domination. They will level the mountains, before they will come down to equality, and an impartial deportment towards New-England. They have not a fiber of sympathy with your dearest interests ; their course is destructive to your prosperity ; their attachments engulf you in ruin. The war will give full play to their hostility, and overbearing power. You bend before their influence, you are dismayed. Long have you expected relief from their fatal measures, long have you submitted with the patience of Issachar, who like a stupid ass, bowed down between two burdens. And still, do you hope, and hope, and hope, for a change of measures in the French citizens, the Gallatins, the Jeffersons, the Burrs, and Madisons of the country ? You may as well expect that the freezing blasts of winter will cover your fields with corn, your gardens with blossoms. They will as soon give liberty to their African slaves as unembarrassed commerce to their New-England subjects. Will you then throw yourselves completely into their power, by suffering this warfare to proceed ? Will you admit southern troops into your borders ? Will you permit French soldiers to land on your shores ? Will you endure the sight of French officers at the head of your ranks ? Rather entomb yourselves among your father's bones. Let the slaves of Napoleon sleep on your pillows, and riot at your tables, but do not let them domineer over the proprietors. You have patiently demonstrated that puling, and whining, and petitioning, and feebly resisting, will

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redress no grievances, will prevent no evils, will command no attention, but scorn, and derision, and accumulated insults, and increasing privations. Of these you have already had enough to satisfy any man's conscience. Pause then—consider—form your immutable resolution——what is the result?

Have you concluded, for yourselves, your children and children's children, to subject to greater commercial restrictions, voluntarily to submit yourselves to the miseries, now endured by a hundred million slaves in Europe? then, it is suitable and fit, that you should be slaves. You are strong, and are able to hew wood and draw water for French Tyrants. Have you concluded, like Jewish slaves, to nail your ears to the door-posts of your master's house, and to go on buffeting the storms, and hewing down the forests, and dragging your timber from the hills, when your laws, virtually declare, it shall rot on the shore? Have you concluded to send your ships to sea, to load them with rich cargoes, and as they are moving from the shore, bow your heads, while a voice from the secret chambers, the dark caverns of Congress, forbids a sail to be unfurled, while your ship is fastened to the wharf, as by the spirit of magic, her cargo consuming, her timbers the food of worms. Have you concluded, after your ships are abroad in a lawful commerce, to yield submission to an execrable *ex post facto* law, which declares that your ships and cargoes are forfeited with treble their value, the day they return to the waters of the United States? Have you concluded, quietly, to see the Tyrant of Europe, who is also the Tyrant of America, burn your ships, chain your sailors, and march them from prison to prison? Then blow the trumpet, beat the drum, fly to the war, march to the hottest battle, to subdue his valiant and invincible foe. In

your foreheads, or in your hands wear "the mark" of imperial slaves. But as you are voluntary, be cheerful in your chains; do not murmur or complain; do not look sullen or sad; submit like Dutchmen, and be faithful slaves. Is this too bad for New-England spirits? Then, do what is infinitely easy; let there be *no war* in your territories, proclaim an honorable neutrality; let the southern *Heroes* fight their own battles, and guard their slumbering pillows against the just vengeance of their lacerated slaves, whose sighs and groans have long since gone up to the court of the Eternal, crying for the full viols of his incensed wrath. Rise in the majesty of your unconquerable strength, break those chains, under which you have sullenly murmured, during the long, long reign of democracy; batter down those iron walls, which have incarcerated your souls and bodies so long, and once more breathe that free, commercial air of New-England, which your fathers always enjoyed.

While the tyrants of your country are unitedly, gradually, and incessantly wasting your strength, and drying up your resources, breaking down your spirit of enterprize, and demolishing the means of your independence, will you rise and reproach them for the tardiness of their deleterious measures, with both hands, will you lay waste your own fields, set fire to your villages and cities, and sacrifice your own sons and brothers by waging a wicked and mad war with the only nation on the face of the earth, who can essentially injure your interests, or blast your hopes? Then send to the miserable people of Turkey, send to the banditti of Tunis and Algiers, invite the abject creatures of those nations to come and study the science of slavery in New-England. They have never endured such wanton, capricious abuse; such useless, inconsis-

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tent vexations ; they do not change old habits, and assume a new character to serve a tyrant's pleasure. Here you may teach them something new in the history of slaves ; not the silent, despairing endurance of men, trembling at the approach of a mercenary army, but of those, who have the power of redress, *yet* in their own hands. Show them that for once, by a kind of magic infatuation, men may be slaves from choice ; show them how to love their chains, enjoy their miseries, and " worship" their masters.

If you have *not* so resolved ; if you have some of your father's blood, yet in your veins, then protest against this war. Protest did I say, protest ? *Forbid this war to proceed in New-England.* Let your puissant lords be satisfied by inflicting the bloody lash on more than ten hundred thousand *African* slaves.

I must add, what is imperiously required from every Minister of the Prince of peace, that if you suffer this war to proceed, it will throw you into the embraces of that terrible Power, which is soon to be destroyed with his vassal allies.

You expose yourselves to the contagion of her mental plagues, and to her judgments. By this war, you fight the battle of the infidel king ; a common interest is produced between the two countries, as there has long been a common sympathy between the two governments. Who does not tremble at such an intimate alliance ? Would you throw yourself on the bed of slumber, when you saw the house was already on fire ? Would you inhale the deadly, burning wind of the African desert ?

Here a remark forces itself on my attention. You may all have observed, that our most profound Pol-

iticians and serious Divines recoil with the same unutterable horror from an alliance with France. By a careful investigation of prophecy, Divines form precisely the same conclusions with the learned Civilians, who are men of more extensive observation, and more various science. This ought to strengthen the convictions of both, and encrease the reverence of Politicians for the holy scriptures, and the esteem and respect of Christians for the sagacity and wisdom of learned Civilians. It should excite them with mutual confidence, to aid each other in saving their country.

I might sooner have said, that there is an infinite difference between an offensive and defensive war, between murdering your neighbor, and brother in the bosom of his own family, and defending your life in the sanctuary of your own house. In all wars, every person slain is virtually murdered. The aggressors are accountable for every drop of blood. The present war is offensive on our part. Every person slain, enemy or friend, is murdered, and his blood falls on us. Already lives have been lost, lost; already agonizing spirits have been severed from their bodies; they have ascended to their Judge; they have given in their awful testimony, before the throne of the Eternal. The recording angel has noted down their words, and they are sealed up for the day of retribution. Woe, woe, be to the authors of this war; woe be to the soldier, who stains his hands with blood.

Unless the sun would stand still upon Gibeon, I could not in one day, enumerate all the arguments against this pernicious war. The war is *unreasonable*; no sufficient provocation has been given. The war is *unnecessary*; an accommodation might have been obtained. It is a *puerile*, useless war; no con-

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siderable advantage can be expected. It is a war, in its tendency fatal to Christianity in this country, as the war of Mahomet in the East. It is a war disastrous to the cause of Christianity in foreign countries, by dissolving the sacred union of efforts, now making by the good people of Britain and America, to spread the triumphs of the Cross in Asia. It is a war absolutely fatal to this country, by involving us in the awful destruction, coming on the kingdom of Anti-christ. In moving strains the prophets have described the approaching woes of Anti-christ, and his vassal allies. Such woes, the world has never endured. The armies of Atheism will tread down the earth ; already are they a million men, fierce as tigers, and terrible as demons. Their ruin makes haste. Zachariah says, " Their flesh shall consume away, while they stand on their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their sockets ; and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth." The sword, thirsting for their blood, shall devour them. Isaiah says, " The land shall be soaked with their blood, and the dust shall be made fat with fatness," with the oily substance of their carcasses ; and again he says " The mountains shall be *melted* with blood. As a handful of clay, *soaked* in a vessel of water, seems to melt away ; so the mountains of Palestine shall be soaked and melted, as miry clay, with the blood of the Anti-christian army. God commands the prophet to invite " every feathered fowl and every beast of the field to assemble, to eat the flesh of the mighty and to drink the blood of the princes."

I see an angel standing in the sun ; he cries with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls, which fly in the midst of heaven ; come and gather yourselves together, unto the supper of the great God. that ye

'may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and the flesh of those, who sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great, and all the fowls were *filled* with their flesh.'

Can you endure the idea, that your beloved sons, and grandsons should feast the fowls of heaven in a foreign land? Does not the thought freeze your soul with terror? Then drive away the demon of war from your coast. The Puritans of New-England must not, will not, cannot be dragged into this execrable war.

Other arguments press for discussion, but if these do not convince men, neither would the voice of one from the dead. If you join with Anti-christ in this war, you must drink the cup of his plagues, the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

On which side are you? A more solemn question, none can propose to his conscience. It is not enough, however, to feel a strong conviction of the turpitude and misery of the Anti-christian cause. You must manifest your abhorrence in all prudent and *lawful* methods, manifest your detestation of the ferocious myrmidons, engaged in this perfidious cause. The man, who now boldly keeps the post of duty will be strong like the house of David, glorious as Moses, wrapt in the thunders of Sinai.

Across the Atlantic behold the nation of your brothers gloriously, united to resist the domination of Anti-christ. Briton, like Shadrach and his company in the furnace of Babylon is surrounded with burning flame; but receives no harm. She looks abroad upon the ocean; not a friendly sail meets her eye; the navies of the world disgorge their thunders at her breast; the ocean blazes around her; nearly the whole continent kindles into a rampart of fire at her approach; yet like the invincible host of Israel, marching thro' the Red Sea; she pursues her course; the wrecks of her enemies cover the ocean; she swells the song of praise. In the fires, intended to make her the victim she triumphs, and like the angel of Manoa, ascends in the flame to higher glory. Her banners will prove victorious on the plains of Armageddon, while

the blood of her enemies will flow to the horses' bridles, and the flesh of their vassal kings furnish a supper for all the vultures of heaven.

A new era of American history now commences. Soon shall we be established as Mount Zion, or thrust down to ruin. The circumstances and characters of distant generations will be formed by measures now adopted. When they come to the present page of our miserable story, future historians will pause, for fear, that the truth should seem the effusion of falsehood or delirium and prevent the sale of their work. To write in a sober history, that a nation with more than a thousand miles of sea coast, adorned with a rich border of affluent towns and cities, without any commanding fort, or army, or navy, or any adequate defence, and with uncounted millions on the ocean, or in the hands of the foe, did in 1812 declare an offensive war against the most powerful maritime nation on the globe, will bid defiance to all belief. Yet this is the sober fact without figure, or coloring.

The wicked archives of all the wicked governments "from Macadonia's madman to the Swede," furnish no parallel for this profligate measure. It is this moment more owing to the forbearance, the clemency, and magnanimity of the English, than to any preparations of defence by our government, that our cities are not burning from Maine to Georgia, that one blaze of towns, a thousand miles in extent, does not amaze the world with its sublimity and horror; that a million people are not wandering to-day over the ashes of their dwellings, without a home, without employment, and without bread. The general government cannot provide any reasonable defence. They cannot raise men; they cannot borrow money. Their drafted "conscrip'ts" will sooner be murdered, than march at their orders. Like the decrepit, expiring government of Turkey, ours can crush its subjects, but cannot afford them security. They "can call spirits from the vast deep;" but the spirits will not come. Our country is now preserved like the prophet in the den of Babylon; the royal lions disdained to devour the innocent victim. The late declaration of war will be recorded among "the wonders of history." The story of

Herod destroying all the babes of Bethlehem will give place to a more enormous iniquity. The wickedness bearing the strongest resemblance to that of our government is that of Nero. Nero had heard of the burning of Troy, and his mind was fired with a desire to witness such a scene of horror himself. He, therefore, caused the famous city of Rome, the metropolis of the world, to be set on fire in different places ; the flames spread, and the conflagration was universal ; the fire raged for nine days. Nothing was heard amid the roar of the flames ; but the crash of falling temples and palaces, the cries of mothers calling for their children, and the shrieks of thousands expiring in the fire. Nero enjoyed all this, and from the top of a high tower feasted his eyes with this scene of misery, playing on his harp and singing the woes of falling Troy. Just so, it is announced in the papers, that the President of the U. States was cheerful and gay, after he had signed the wicked declaration of war, which has already covered the land with sadness, torn many bosoms with anguish ; plunged numbers into the eternal world. He like Nero has kindled a fire, the future miseries and conflagrations of which, no fancy can realize ; no pencil describe ; a fire which may burn, not nine days alone, but nine years, or half a century ; a fire which may not only consume one city ; but fill the whole continent with misery and blood. Who can describe the woes of this war against Britain ? War against Britain did I say ? It is an abuse of words. The leaders in this abominable work are deceived, if they suppose, we are their dupes. We understand the farce. The government know perfectly well, that they cannot carry on any formidable operations of war. Without the *means*, what can they effect ? Will their blustering manifesto batter down the Queen of Isles ; will it tear

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down the walls of their Gibralters ; or silence the thunder of their navies ? Then, have they little to fear ; then, this is really a declaration of war against *New-England*. The spirit of the declaration may be thus expressed.

“Whereas the President of the United States finds it impossible, such are the complaints of the people, any longer to maintain the continental system of his Master Napoleon by commercial restrictions ; therefore, war is declared against Great-Britain, hoping and expecting, that she will be provoked to *blockade our whole coast*, and destroy our commerce, and so *more effectually* execute the wishes of our imperial master, than a *perpetual embargo*. This measure is also endeared to us by knowing, that a great part of the personal property of New-England is always abroad at this season of the year, and must be lost. This will crush their spirit of enterprise, and terminate the opposition of the Eastern States to our great and good Master Napoleon.”

This nefarious declaration of war is nothing more, nor less, than a licence given by a Virginia vassal of the French Emperor to the English nation, authorizing them in legal form to destroy the prosperity of New-England. This is the grand design, and chief expectation of the government. My heart bleeds for my country, going like a lamb to the house of slaughter. Never, never, till this moment have I so deeply lamented my ordinary talents, feeble powers, the want of utterance, and the powers of persuasion. I can tell you only what you already know yourselves. Does one doubt perplex your minds concerning the path, which you ought to pursue ? What would your fathers have done ? What did they do ? Even, when they were on the other side.

the water, only a feeble church, they disdained oppression ; they crossed the ocean, and hung the standard of liberty and the standard of commerce on the oaks of New-England. Instead of bonds, and forfeitures, and restrictions, and hundred per cent duties, which you have borne with the meekness of martyrs, they would not advance a cent for all the herbs of China, for all the luxuries of the East. They did not put on the chains of slavery, to see how they would suit their active limbs ; the proposal fired their indignation, and made them independent. But you have drunk and drunk the cup of vexation to the dregs ; you have worn the galling chains of commercial tyranny, till the spasms of phrenzy have shattered your frame ; till the gangrene of submission threatens your speedy dissolution. Survey the ruins ; contemplate the miseries already produced, only by these preparatory steps to this war. A doleful picture is presented to the weeping eye of humanity. Were the Angel of storms to rouse the elements, and shipwreck all the vessels of America, loaded with riches, from the Baltic to the Chinese sea ; should he move the foundations of the deep, and choke up all your harbours ; should his furious blast penetrate the country, dash in pieces the timber, wither half the fruits of the ground, tearing up the fields, and *destroying half their value*, would you not beseech the Almighty to destroy this angel of mischief, or chain him in the bottomless pit ? Stop—stop—

——Have not the general Government virtually done all this ? Were the continent put up at auction to day, would it yield half *the sum* which it would the hour before the reign of Mr. Jefferson commenced ? *Then*, the country might be compared to a gallant ship, coming in, port her sails

spread, her streamers flying, her crew rejoicing ; her cargo the riches of the East. *Now*, the country is a solitary wreck, cast ashore on the rocks, stript of her tackle, robbed of her cargo, deserted by her people. There is but one remedy for this evil ; you must extinguish the sparks of this abominable warfare. You must *forever put to rest the hope*, that you ever will engage in such a mad crusade.

I entreat you, my beloved friends, seriously to consider the prospects of the country. An alliance with France may be soon expected ; it is virtually effected. Look to Europe, and learn the *consequences*. Will not the same cause produce the same effects here ? The lives, which have been lost, the evils already endured, are only the first drops before a rain of blood. If you remain silent, you may soon expect to see your cities wrapt in flames, your country towns covered with desolation. You *will* soon see, not a band of Britons, but a meager, famished, hungry horde of savage Frenchmen, with the *profession* of friends, but the actions of demons ; with the voice of lambs, but the spirit of tygers. So they entered Holland, and Naples, and Switzerland, and Germany, and Prussia, and Rome, and Venice, and Spain. They went to give them liberty ; they stayed to make them slaves ; they went in the garb of friends ; they stayed to rob their fields, to plunder their houses, their banks, their churches ; to ravish their women, to murder their men, to ruin the country. So will it be here, if you allow the wretches to tread on your ground, or to breathe your air. They will then drive you from your houses ; they will drag your sons in chains to their armies ; universal plunder will desolate the country. Famine and death will close the

scene. This is reality ; it has actually taken place thro' a great part of Europe. You *do* love your country, your children, your privileges, and the temples of your God ; then I beseech you by your love of country, by your love of your families ;— for God's sake, I beseech you, exert every lawful method to extinguish the kindling fires of war ; tear yourself from those, who are accomplices in the fatal measure, from those, who are covering the land with misery and death. Were your boat fastened to a fire-ship, just ready to explode, would you not cut the painter, and bend to the oar, till the ocean sparkled around you ? Then break away from this tremendous war, which is sinking you, and your posterity, and your country into the abyss of ruin.

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